

*The history*

For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,  
But by the forge that stichied *Mars* his helme.  
Ile kill thee euery where, yea ore and ore.  
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,  
His insolence drawes folly from my lips,  
But ile endeouour deeds to match these words,  
Or may I neuer ———

*Ajax*. Do not chafe thee cozen,  
And you *Achilles*, let these threats alone,  
Till accident or purpose bring you too'r,  
You may haue euery day enough of *Hector*,  
If you haue stomack, The generall state I feare,  
Can scarce entreate you to be odde with him.

*Hect*. I pray you let vs see you in the field,  
We haue had pelting warres since you refusd, the Grecians  
*Achil*. Dooft thou entreate me *Hector*? (cause,  
To morow do I meet thee fell as death: to night all friends.

*Hect*. Thy hand vpon that match.  
*Agam*. First all you Peeres of Greece, go to my tent,  
There in the full conuiue we: afterwards  
As *Hectors* leisure, and your bounties shall  
Concurre together, senerally entreate him  
To taste your bounties, let the trumpets blowe,  
That this great souldier may his welcome know. *Exeunt*.

*Troy*. My Lord *Ulysses*, tell me I beseech you,  
In what place of the field doth *Calcas* keepe.

*Ulis*. At *Menelaus* tent, most princely *Troilus*:  
There *Diomed* doth feast with him to night,  
Who neither looks vpon the heauen nor earth,  
But gives all gaze, and bent of amorous view,  
On the faire *Cressida*.

*Troyl*. Shall I sweete Lord be bound to you so much,  
After we part from *Agamemnons* tent,  
To bring me thether.

*Ulis*. You shall command me sit.  
But gentle tell me of what honor was  
This *Cressida* in Troy? had she no louer there  
That wailes her absence?

*Troyl*.

*of Troilus and Cressida.*

*Tro*. O sir to such as boasting shew their skarres,  
A mocke is due; will you walke on my Lord,  
Shee was beloued my Lord, she is, and doth,  
But full sweet loue is food for fortunes tooth. *Exeunt*.

*Enter Achilles and Patroclus.*

*Ach*. Ile heate his blood with greekish wine to night,  
Which with my Cemitar ile cool to morrow,  
*Patroclus* let vs feast him to the hight

*Pat*. Here comes *Thersites*. *Enter Thersites.*

*Ach*. How now thou curre of enuy.  
Thou crussy batch of nature whats the news?  
*The*. Why thou picture of what thou seemest, and Idoll,  
Of idiot worshippers, heers a letter for thee.

*Ach*. From whence fragment.

*The*. Why thou full dish of foole from Troy,

*Pat*. Who keeps the tent now.

*The*. The Surgeons box or the patients wound.

*Pat*. Well said aduersity, and what needs this tricks,

*The*. Priethee be silent box I profit not by thy talke,  
Thou art said to be *Achilles* male varlot,

*Pat*. Male varlot you rogue whats that.

*The*. Why his masculine whore, now the rotten diseases  
of the south, the guts griping ruptures: loades a grauell in  
the back, lethergies, could palsies, rawe eies, durtrottè liuers,  
whissing lungs, bladders full of impostume. Sciaticaes, lime-  
kills, itch, palme, incurable bone-ach, and the riueld tee sim-  
ple of the tetter, take and take againe such preposterous  
discoueries.

*Pat*. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou what meanes  
thou to curse thus.

*The*. do I curse thee.

*Pat*. Why no you ruinous but, you horson indistinguish-  
able cur, no.

*The*. No why art thou then exasperate, thou idle imma-  
terial skeine of sleine silke, thou Greene facene flap for a fore  
eye, thou roscell of a prodigalls purse, thou ah how the poore  
world is pestred with such water flies, diminutives of nature.

*Tat*.